

THE TEXAN RANGERS.

The Force Now a Shadow of What It Was.

In the appropriation bill which the legislature of Texas recently passed, an item which provides for the maintenance of the ranger force. It will not exceed \$25,000, and the smallness of the sum emphasizes the decadence of an arm remarkable for its singularity and efficiency. There is nothing exactly similar among the forces of the world. The mounted constabulary of South Africa bears, perhaps, a closer resemblance than any other, though there are wide divergences.

The Texas ranger wears no uniform. His dress is composed of stout, dark trousers, sometimes protected by overalls, a woolen shirt, heavy sack coat, sombrero, boots, stout gloves and spurs. His arms are a single action 45 caliber colt's six shooter and a Winchester carbine—not rifle. He furnishes his own horse and bedding. If the horse is killed in action, the state replaces it. If it dies or is stolen, the ranger must get another. The pay is \$30 a month for privates, \$40 for sergeants, \$75 for lieutenants and \$100 for captains. The state feeds them. Their supplies include flour, coffee, sugar, lard, bacon, beef, mutton and canned goods. They sleep much of the time in the open air.

Owing to the settlement of the frontier and the gradual establishment of law and order the ranger force has steadily decreased for some years past. Formerly it consisted of six companies, numbering approximately 100 men each. Today there are not more than 50 men in the service, all told, nor are they of so high a class as those who risked their lives back in the eighties. In those days the composition of the companies was unique. No native Texans were in the ranks. They were not enlisted because it was feared that their home affiliations would interfere with their work. The men came from all sections of the union, lured by the spirit of adventure.

Many of them were college men. In Company F 15 years ago were two graduates of Yale, one of Harvard, one of Princeton, three from the University of Virginia and a dozen from the smaller southern and western universities. Some of them now are high in political place in the state of their adoption. Others sleep in the sandy stretches that sweep down to the tawny river, and even their graves have been leveled by the constant winds.—Exchange.

Strange Fish From the Bermudas.
Dr. E. H. Bean, the superintendent of the New York aquarium, returned from the Bermudas recently and brought with him several interesting specimens of fish peculiar to Bermudian waters. There were beautiful flatfish, with opal bodies, tinged with rainbow hues, including purple, crimson, bright green and bright blue. They are known as angel fish and are to the fishy tribe what the gorgeous peacock is to the fowl creation.

There was a slate colored flatfish, which Assistant Superintendent Spence called a surgeon, or doctor fish, and of which little is known.
Another tank contained groupers, whose sides are striped like those of tigers and leopards.

There were also ten hind fish, each from 10 to 15 inches in length. The bodies are white, with brown and red spots. Two squirrel fish, each 10 inches long, were included in the collection. They are similar to our goldfish, excepting that their eyes resemble those of squirrels.

Three Berlin artists, Max Liebermann, the head of the naturalistic school; Richard Friese, the animal painter, and Peter Breuer, the sculptor, were recently the recipients of the large gold medal for distinction in art conferred by Kaiser Wilhelm this year.

The Winner

of one of those \$100 prizes got her yellow tickets in this way:

1. By using the tea herself.
2. By asking some friends who use the tea to give her their tickets.
3. By inducing some friends to try the tea and give her their tickets.

One of her friends kept a boarding house, and sent her lots of tickets.

Haven't you some friend who keeps a boarding house or a restaurant, or who has influence in some hospital or other public institution? They need good tea there.

Rules of contest in large advertisement about first and middle of the month. A.A.

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Suits and uniforms made to order.
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A New Fox to American Trees.

Specimens of a strange caterpillar discovered this spring on pear trees in Cambridge, Mass., are pronounced by Prof. Samuel Henshaw to be the "gold-tail," or supposita chrysorrhoea, hitherto unknown as an inhabitant of this country, although it is found in England, and is "abundant in Central and Southern Europe." When numerous, these caterpillars are very destructive, feeding on such trees and plants as the apple, pear, plum, Hawthorn, bramble, elm, willow, beech, oak, hazelnut and hornbeam. At present the invaders in Massachusetts are said to be confined to a limited area in Somerville and Cambridge. The first specimens seem to have made their appearance a year ago, and thus far they have confined themselves to pear and apple trees. How they got across the ocean nobody apparently knows. It is suggested that by vigorous measures they may be stamped out.

Mysterious Glass Balls.

The small island of Billiton, between Sumatra and Borneo, has long been famous for its rich tin mines, which are controlled by the Dutch Government. In describing the geology of Billiton before the Royal Academy of Sciences in Amsterdam recently, Mr. Verbeek gave an account of the mysterious "glass balls of Billiton," which are found among some of the tin ore deposits. They are round, with grooved surfaces. Similar balls are occasionally found in Borneo and Java, as well as in Australia. Mr. Verbeek thinks they cannot be artificial, and there are no volcanoes near enough to support the theory that they are volcanic bombs. Besides, he says, the glassy rocks produced by the nearest volcanoes are quite different in their nature from the material of the balls. He suspected that the mysterious objects were ejected, ages ago, from the volcanoes of the moon, and afterward fell upon the earth.

Natural Lightning-Rods.

The tall Lombardy poplar has a reputation in some parts of Europe as a kind of natural lightning-rod. Investigations recently made by Dr. Hess in Switzerland appear to confirm this reputation of the tree. Its wood is an unusual good conductor of electricity as compared with others, while its great height and lack of spreading branches enable it to conduct a lightning stroke straight downward. In order, however, that a poplar-tree may serve to protect a building, according to Dr. Hess, its foliage should be allowed to grow as near the ground as possible; it should be removed not less than six or seven feet from the nearest wall. No metallic objects on the building should be near the tree, and its roots should penetrate a moist soil.

Desert Rattlesnakes.

In the sand wastes of Southern California two varieties of rattlesnakes are found. The larger ones, called "tiger rattlers," sometimes attain a length of four feet, but it is said that they are sluggish, and far less dangerous than a smaller variety named the "side-winder." This name comes from the snake's habit of moving sideways, as well as advancing in the ordinary manner. It is also called the "horned rattlesnake," on account of the horn-like protuberances over its eyes. It seldom exceeds a foot and a half in length, but its motions are very quick, and it has the reputation of being "vicious."

Dust Storms that Bury Forests.

Some Russian travelers in Tibet, describe the wonderful storms of dust that occur in Kashgaria near the foot of the Kuen-Lun Mountains. The dust in the air is sometimes so dense that complete darkness prevails. Occasionally rain falls during such a storm, but the rain drops evaporate during their descent, and the dust carried with them falls in heaps. Entire forests of poplar trees are buried in dust hillocks forty feet high. These deposits of dust are afterward moved on by the wind, but the trees that have been buried die, even after their disinterment.

Whales as Travelers.

Mr. William H. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institution, says, in Science, that "during the early days of the whale fishery several well-attested instances occurred of whales struck in one ocean, as the Atlantic, being afterward killed in the North Pacific and vice versa." This would indicate that some whales are great travelers, for to get from the Atlantic to the North Pacific they would have to go many thousands of miles, passing either around Cape Horn, or around the northern end of North America and through Bering Strait.

Build-up Wood.

There has come into use a method of "building up" boards by gluing or cementing together thin slabs of wood of different kinds, so placed that the grain of the various pieces is crossed. It is claimed that not only extra strength, but also extra flexibility and durability are thus obtained. Doors made of the prepared wood are said to be stronger than much thicker doors made of ordinary wood, and they do not warp. Packing-boxes and tanks are also made of this material.

Powdered Coal as Fuel.

For some years past there have been experiments with coal dust and pulverized coal of various degrees of fineness, with a view to ascertaining how much saving of fuel there is in using coal in this state. It has been demonstrated that with suitable feeding machinery the saving may amount to over forty-five per cent. above the coal fed on ordinary fire bars. This point is reached in a cupola furnace of the most approved construction. There are several methods of burning coal dust. One is the use of a feeding apparatus consisting of rotary brushes that throw the dust into the fire-box in a continuous shower. This, of course, renders

the fuel supply independent of dampness or the possibility of clogging up. Another plan is to drive the dust into the furnace by powerful currents of air. It seems to matter but little how the dust is fed. There is a manifest economy in its use, and as soon as the proper dust-feeding machinery is perfected the fuel problem will be much less difficult to struggle with.

SOME KANSAS TALL STORIES.

Manchassen Humor of the Sunflower State.

Several stories which the reader can or cannot believe, just as he sees fit, were started after the State law in reference to the malicious destruction of property and departed for parts unknown. Probably the best one was this: A man was riding along on horseback with a jug of whiskey tied with a strap to the saddle horse. After the blow had ceased the jug handle was sticking out of the nozzle, the jug having been blown inside out without spilling a drop of liquor.

Here is another pretty fair one: A farmer was ploughing around an oblong patch of ground one day, and at night the tract of unploughed land still contained about five acres. When he quit for the day he left the plough sticking in the furrow, as farmers often do. The tornado came along and caught the plough, taking it around and around the land until it was all ploughed.

A Kansan abroad recently found a crowd that did not seem to appreciate his conversation, so he pulled out his stock of tornado stories hoping to attract attention.

"I saw a cyclone once," said he, "that picked up a strawstack and moved it a mile and put it back, straw on straw, as it was."

Two or three of the auditors yawned and the Kansan tried it again.

"Another time," said he, "I saw a twister suck sixty gallons of molasses out of a barrel in front of a grocery store and distribute it to every family in town who had a bucket out on the back step for the milkman."

He cleared his throat and began again: "Back in the seventies we had a terrible cyclone in Western Kansas. It blew the cracks out of the fences, pulled a clatren out of the ground, moved a township line and changed the day of the week."

This last flourish induced one of the listeners to speak up. He said: "I do not know much about cyclones, but once when I was at sea I saw a waterspout pick up tons and tons of water and carry it a mile and—"

"Hold on!" cried the Kansan. "If you are going to degrade this conversation to the level of a common lying contest I will retire." And he got up and walked away pompously.

A prominent Kansan is accredited with telling this:

"Tell you what's a fact. I have known it to blow twelve days and nights on a stretch and hold a sheep up against the side of the barn until he starved to death."

Couldn't Spank Her Son.

People never get an encouragement for doing the good samaritan act from the interests of the public, as the man decided who offered to assist a distracted woman and ameliorate the sufferings of a lot of respectable people on a suburban car.

The boy who howls was in evidence, the curled darling of his only own mother and the terror of everybody else, and he had kept the car in a state of wild excitement and exhausted the patience of everybody, including his doting parent.

"Oh, if your father were only here!" she had said for the fiftieth time, as she tried vainly to restrain the howling terror.

At that he stopped howling long enough to beat the air with his small shins, and the woman on the other side of him remarked audibly that a cage was the proper place for savages like him.

"Johnny dear," asked his mother, "won't you be a good boy?"

Roars and kicks from Master Johnny.

"Oh, I wish your father were here to give you a good touncing this very minute!" she wailed as she struggled with him.

Then it was that the philanthropist of the company asserted himself. He had been trying in vain to read his morning paper ever since he started from home.

"Allow me, madam," he said, blandly; "I am a father myself, and I will be happy to chastise your cherub in behalf of his absent parent."

"Oh, no, you won't, not if I know it!" said Johnny's mother, rising in her wrath like a tigress. "There ain't that man living dare lay a finger on that boy—his own father or any other ugly old catamount who thinks he knows it all," and she effectively shut off debate by going into the next car and taking the sweet infant with her.

The Wife in Russia.

"This is a curious custom you Americans have of referring to your wives by their husband's names," observed Ghanvock Kaplon, an intelligent Russian traveler. "I suppose the American holds his wife in as high esteem as the Russian holds his, but if at home I should speak of my better half as Mrs. Kaplon my friends would at once conclude that my domestic relations were not as pleasant as they should be, and that I was thinking of a legal separation. When I first heard an American speak of his wife as Mrs. Jones, for example, I felt almost like presuming on his acquaintance by intruding into his private affairs and asking him what the trouble was at home. Yet I soon learned that the custom was universal over here, but still I cannot get used to it. 'My wife' is the plain, blunt way I speak in Russia of the lady who, I suppose, I would have to call Mrs. Kaplon in polite society in America. In some of the more fashionable circles of St. Petersburg this American social custom has been adopted, though I was told by a prominent government official not long ago that the Czar disapproved of it."—St. Louis Republic.

Many a man who claims to be a "sport," is a plain drunkard and black-guard.

Kill a snake, and turn it on its back, and there will be a rain before night.



TRUTH.—It is a greater thing to feel a truth than it is to be able to prove that the truth is true.—Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

Trouble.—How to get rid of trouble! Go and find some one with worse trouble than your own, and try to help him or her bear it.—Rev. Dwight L. Moody, evangelist, Chicago, Ill.

The Human Heart.—If the human heart were in order, all external things would be brought into order. Selfishness would cease.—Rev. John Goldard, Methodist, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Reform.—Never marry a man to mend him or reform him. If a man will not reform to please his sweet heart he will never do so to please his wife.—Rev. M. C. Peters, Independent, New York City.

Thinking.—Whoever fails to think annihilates his birthright and remains a beggar. Whatever means are to be fostered.—Rev. Byron Sniderland, Presbyterian, Washington, D. C.

Manhood.—Some live for money, some work for it, but man should work for the sake of work. If he does that he is a man whether he works it a street or builds an empire.—Rev. H. E. Brown, Episcopalian, New York City.

Want of Faith.—It is poor philosophy to accentuate the bad; it is unwise to dwell upon and magnify evil; it reveals a sad want of real faith to fear that the good will be overcome and perish from the earth.—Rev. Dr. Thomas, Independent, Chicago, Ill.

Good or Evil.—The good or evil you appropriate out of this strange conglomeration of things here below will be your good or evil, your happiness or unhappiness, for time and eternity.—Rev. Elwood Worcester, Episcopalian, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Opinion.—The most powerful law in America, the force that makes and unmakes, executes or nullifies laws, is public opinion. By our own conduct, by our own habits, we will do not a little to build up righteousness and to secure justice.—Rev. H. D. Jenkins, Presbyterian, Kansas City, Mo.

The Vital Force.—The universe is no longer a mere mechanism, the scene of conflicting forces. Now we know that there is but one force, one life, and that life is God's. Matter is no longer impure. It is the same here that it is in the glittering star overhead.—Rev. Minot J. Savage, Unitarian, New York City.

Politics.—An absolute merit system, in which every official, up to and including the President of the United States, should be chosen by examination, would not insure purity in politics so long as vast wealth unites to bribe and office holders are willing to be bribed.—Rev. Frank Crane, Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

Effect of Belief.—Back of suicide and crime is the belief in the heart. What a man thinks, he is. When his theology induces him to repudiate the existence of a hell it should be made responsible when he commits suicide. The man who believes in the Bible punishment for murder will not take his own life.—Rev. Cortland Myers, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IN MEMORY OF FIREMEN.

Monument to the Cold Storage Warehouse Fire Victims.

The greatest tragedy of the Columbian exposition year occurred July 10, 1893. The destruction by fire of the cold storage warehouse near the World's Fair grounds entrance at 64th street made the one great day of horrors at the fair. Fifteen men lost their lives before a helpless mass of thousands unable to succor them, or received such injuries that they died within a few hours after the fire.

The courageous efforts of the firemen to save the building, their reckless heroism and the death they met have been commemorated by a handsome monument in Oakwood cemetery.

Monument to Fire Victims.

where the remains of some of the victims lie grouped together. The monument is a tribute to the dead by the fire department of Chicago. The shaft is of granite. The base is twelve by twelve feet. At the top the monument measures ten by ten feet, and is ten and a half feet high. It is an imposing shaft, massive and simple in design, a fireman's helmet resting on a coping being the only suggestion of the idea the tomb would seek to convey. On the polished face of the monument, toward the rising sun, the names of those who died at the fire are chiseled deep in the enduring granite.

Ocean's Great Business.

A diving bell, consisting of a thick, hollow cube of about six feet and weighing rather more than ten tons, was recently lowered into water 200 feet deep, with strong timbers attached to it, in order to test its strength. After the bell had reached the bottom it was noticed that the timbers came up in splinters, and when the bell was pulled up it was crushed out of all recognition of its former shape. The water pressure was calculated to be 353,924 pounds on each side, and a resulting pressure of every 1,300 tons on the cube.

Mrs. Watts'—Does your husband ride his wheel on these rainy days?

Mrs. Watts—"No; he just stays at home and polks the cyclometer."—Indianapolis Journal.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

A Petrified Wooden Cross Found Imbedded in a Rock.

Recently there was unearthed in the stone quarry of Ira W. Logan, at the junction of the Ohio and Beaver rivers, near Pittsburg, a petrified wooden cross. It is 18 by 24 inches in dimensions and was imbedded in the surface of a massive limestone rock which had been blasted from the quarry cliff.

The formation of at least a century's growth of limestone was above the point where the rock containing the cross was taken. The cross is supposed to have been the property of a Jesuit missionary and was evidently planted to symbolize the Christianization of the early Indian tribes.

Historians say it is a relic of the famous trip made by Celoron, the celebrated French commandant, who explored the Allegheny and Ohio river valley in 1749. Numerous parties of Indian relic searchers have hunted for traces of the expedition, but beyond the finding of one iron plate it is said nothing has been discovered. The cross will be presented to the Carnegie museum.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Thirteen a Fatal Number to Him.

There was hanged at Decatur, Ga., recently a young man whose fate will give rise to considerable discussion among superstitious folk. His name was Terrell Hudson, and he believed that he was driven to the gallows by the number 13.

In support of this belief he brought forward the following array of facts: He was the thirteenth child of his parents; he was born on the thirteenth day of the month, and was given a name in which there are 13 letters. On the 13th of last November he quarreled with a 13-year-old boy named Malcolm, and on the 13th of last February he was sentenced to die.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Rev. C. W. Lee of Vevay, Ind., whom the Republicans have nominated for congress to succeed the late W. S. Holden, is a retired Methodist minister who has become a prosperous farmer.

Professors A. S. Bickmore and D. S. Elmdorf of the Museum of Natural History of New York are in Colorado securing views to accompany a course of illustrated lectures on Colorado to be delivered next winter throughout the state of New York.

John Howard Bryant, a brother of the poet William Cullen Bryant, who lives in Princeton, Ill., is himself a poet. On his ninetieth birthday, July 22, a reunion of the family will be held at his home.

Cyrus Cobb of Boston has just finished his second plaster bust of Phillips Brooks. When he exhibited his first bust of the bishop, he had a report made to him of all the criticisms passed on it, and in his second work he was guided by these criticisms.

Trappist monks of a monastery in Dubuque county, Ia., who have heretofore had a prior sent to them from Mount Melray abbey in Ireland, have acquired the right to elect an abbot and have chosen the Rev. Father Alberic.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. West & Traut, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's family Pills are the best.

CHEAP IRRIGATION.

The Hercules Gas Engine Works of San Francisco, Cal., the largest builders of gas, gasoline and oil engines on the Coast, are making extensive preparations for the season's business.

They are filling several orders for large irrigating plants and as this line of their business increases each season, it is safe to say the farmers throughout the State are appreciating the advantages of irrigation with water pumped by this cheap power.

The Hercules Works are at present building an 80 H. P. engine for Geo. F. Packer, Colusa, which will raise 600 gallons per minute from the river and distribute it over his land. This will be the largest gasoline pumping plant in existence.

ABOUT IRREGULARITY.

A Chat With Miss Marie Johnson.

The balance wheel of a woman's life is menstruation. Irregularity lays the foundation of many diseases, and is in itself a symptom of disease. It is of the greatest importance that regularity be accomplished as soon as possible after the flow is an established fact.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest regulator known to medicine.

"My health became so poor that I had to leave school. I was tired all the time, and had dreadful pains in my side and back and head. I was also troubled with irregularity of menses, and lost so much flesh that my friends became alarmed."

"My mother, who from experience is a firm believer in the Pinkham remedies, thought perhaps they might benefit me. I followed the advice Mrs. Pinkham gave me, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and am now a well-developed woman."—Miss MARY F. JOHNSON, Centerville, Va.

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HOIT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
Accredited at the State and Stanford Universities. A first-class home school of careful supervision, and thorough training in every respect. Seventh year for less than \$100. L. A. Hoit, P. O. Box 100, Berkeley, Cal.

Philanthropist—What is the cause of your being in here, my good man? Conscientious—Hiring a second-rate lawyer.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED.

The craving for drink is a disease, a morbid cure for which has been discovered called "Anti-Jag," which makes the inebriate lose all taste for strong drink without knowing why, as it can be used secretly in tea, coffee, soup and the like. "Anti-Jag" is not kept by your druggist and the dealer in the Home Chemical Co., 50 Broadway, New York, and it will be sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, with full directions how to give secretly. Information mailed free.

"What sweet satisfaction it is," said a sinner, "to have a free drink you can trust." "And, oh, what a convenience it is," replied Harlow, "to have a friend who will trust you."

ENTERPRISES OF GREAT PITH AND MOMENT.

Have, ere now, had their currents "turned awry," as Hamlet says, by an attack of dyspepsia. X-rayed rays to improve his digestion, and indigestion brought on by some indigestion in eating, in order to avoid dyspepsia, abstain from over indulgence, and dietetic